

The Dessert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 22.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1798.

VOL. I.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

HE that had first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer, by night at a lattice. This sort of conversations, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at.—The damsel appeared so kind that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and, in return, presented him with a scarf, embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns; giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted: she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards the elder brother met her at the very same window; but, the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming seemed to him somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his will, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardor of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favourable disposition towards him, that he thought he might easily waive the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it; that he must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success: but as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms for them they cautiously avoided every opportunity of ex-

plaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower, as the testimony of her consent; at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother, who had given her the full blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other; as soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue, he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favour two lovers at once. He however concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake must have happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces could not have shone more lovely than Berilla—for thus was the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed: "I am deceived! Thou knowest my innocence, O Almighty Sun;" she was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. "My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee! I know that thou art innocent."—Her mother and her servants were brought to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said: "unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonoured! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts, and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!" On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself, op-

pressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my father," said she, "Am I still worthy of thee?"—"That thou art," he replied, "thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirits" added he, with sighs,—"I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived; at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions that was made her. She declared, that the first who led her to the altar, was the person that made an impression on her heart; that she, presently after, as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower: but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given to her. She concluded by saying, that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and to submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the pophar, or prince of the country. The cause was propounded in the presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished asunder. The prince asked, which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldest replied that it was he. Berilla confessed, that, indeed, he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that; but, shortly after, her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before; however, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked stedfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The pophar interrogated the young lady, whether at the same time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed, that she did; but likewise declared, that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse, if the election were now free-

ly left to herself? She blushed; and after a few moments of consideration, replied: "The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me;" at the same time darting him a look, that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce: but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla, with a stern and gloomy countenance: "Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee for ever from possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestible right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his pretensions. And now, my sons," continued he, "what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer, that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said, "Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge: "I implore your patience for a moment," said he, "I will rather sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely doomed. Take her, Oh my brother: and may ye live long and happily together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has caused thee. This is the sole request I have to make thee." The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to stay. "Son, remain where thou art," said he, "thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine: for, by this sacrifice, thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her."

They were married shortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by this decree.

ABU-CASEM'S SLIPPERS;

AN ARABIAN TALE.

FORMERLY lived in Bagdad an opulent avaricious merchant named Abu-Casem. Although he was immensely rich, he was always clothed in ragged and filthy garments; and his coarse turban was so dirty that its original colour could scarcely be discovered. But his slippers excelled every other part of his dress; their soles were strengthened with large nails and pieces of iron, and their upper parts so patched that the most ingenious mathematician would be puzzled to give a name to their shape. For ten years had all the skilful cobblers of Bagdad laboured to preserve them from destruction, and now made them so heavy that "as clumsy as Abu-Casem's slippers" was become a proverbial expression.

As Abu-Casem was one day passing through the grand bazar*, some chrystal vases of exquisite workmanship were offered to him for sale; the price being very low, he instantly purchased them. Soon afterwards he heard that a distressed perfumer had a quantity of rose water to dispose of; it was the poor man's last resource. Abu-Casem, ever ready to take advantage of the misfortunes of others, bought it at half its value. These bargains put him in high spirits; but, instead of following the example of other merchants, who usually gave a feast to their friends on such occasions, he thought it would be much less expensive and much more agreeable to go into the bath, which, from his avaricious disposition, he had not done for a long time.

Whilst he was taking off his clothes, a friend of his, at least one who called himself so, (for misers have seldom real friends) told him that his old ugly slippers made him the jest of the city, and hoped that he would buy a new pair.

"You are quite right," said Abu-Casem, "for to tell you the truth, I have thought so myself for some years: but, however, these will serve me a little longer."

He then went into the bath, and his friend left him.

Whilst Abu-Casem was bathing, the cadi of Bagdad came in. Abu-Casem was out first; and leaving the cadi in the bath went into the dressing room, where he was much surprised at not meeting with his slippers. He saw a pair indeed; but being quite new therefore they could not be his. However, he did not search very narrowly after them; concluding that his friend, who had just had some conversation with him on the subject, wished to make him a present in a genteel way, had taken this opportunity, by leaving a new pair of slippers. The old miser was quite enraptured. He saw himself at once delivered from the inexpressible torment of parting with his money: he had new slippers, and they cost him nothing. Abu-Casem eagerly seized them; and, putting them on his feet, left the bath.

When the cadi had finished bathing, his slaves could not find his slippers: instead of the new and elegant pair which belonged to their master, they saw two old hideous machines which they well knew were Abu-Casem's.

"Ah, ah!" (said one of them) that old miserly rascal has stolen our master's slippers, and left his own here."

They instantly pursued him, and found the cadi's slippers on his feet. The robbery was manifest; and, in spite of Abu-Casem's declarations of his innocence, they dragged him to prison. The ministers of justice, well knowing how rich he was, were determined he should not escape from their clutches until they had laid a heavy fine on him. Poor Abu-Casem paid the money, and went from the prison, cursing the cadi and his slippers.

The first thing he did on his return home, was to throw the innocent cause of his misfortune into the Tigris which ran under his window. The next morning some fishermen throwing their nets in the river near his house, found an unusual resistance in drawing them up. They

* The Bazar is the place where all kind of commodities are sold.

rejoiced at their good fortune, imagining that they had taken a great number of fish; but, alas! they had caught nothing but Abu-Casem's old slippers. The nails which were driven into their bottom had torn their nets, and all the fish had escaped through the holes. The enraged fishermen threw the slippers into the miser's window. They fell on his fine chrystal vases, in which he kept the poor perfumer's rose-water; and his late excellent bargains were at once destroyed by his unfortunate slippers.

It is impossible to describe the despair of Abu-Casem, when he discovered the wreck of his vases and rose-water.

"Infernal slippers!" (said he, after a long silence) "I'll take care you shall do me no more mischief;" and, immediately running down stairs, he buried them in a corner of his garden.

A neighbour of his, who heartily detested him, went to the Governor, and told him that Abu-Casem had found a treasure in his garden.—This was quite enough to inflame the cupidity of the Governor. Abu-Casem was ordered to appear before him. It was in vain he protested that he had found nothing, and was only burying his slippers. He was informed he must either pay a large sum of money, or go to prison. He preferred the former, and was permitted to depart.

Abu-Casem now almost despaired of ever being able to part with his slippers. The loss of his money threw him into the most violent agitation. He would willingly have put an end to his existence, could he have taken his treasures with him into the other world, and have left his slippers in this.

"What can I do with them?" (said he) —"If I throw them into the Tigris, they are fished up again, and my vases are broken with them; and if I bury them in my garden, they say I have found a treasure."

He at last resolved on hiding them in a deep reservoir, which supplied the city with water. He now congratulated himself on having lost them for ever, and went home tranquilly. But his evil genius still pursued him. The slippers were carried into the canal of the reservoir: the water was stopped; the source of it was supposed to be dried up, and the inhabitants of Bagdad were in danger of perishing with thirst.—The alarm became general,—the reservoir was examined,—and, in cleaning the canal they met with the slippers of the unfortunate Abu-Casem. He was so universally detested, that the governor was easily persuaded his slippers were the cause of the late distress; and poor Abu-Casem was once more sent to

prison, from which he liberated himself by paying a very large sum of money. At his departure, his slippers were faithfully returned to him.

He at length thought he had fixed on a certain method of destroying the causes of his misery. He determined to burn them; but ere this could be effected, it was necessary they should be dried: for this purpose he placed them in the sun, on the top of his house.

The philosophy of the miser must now be exposed to a still severer proof. A cat amusing herself with the slippers, unfortunately threw one of them into the street. It fell on a pregnant woman who was passing underneath. The pain and the fright caused her to be delivered before her time. Her husband complained to the cadi, and the miserable Abu-Casem was condemned to pay for the clumsiness of the cat.

Abu-Casem, now rendered quite furious, took a slipper in each hand, and addressed the judge with a vehemence that threw all the auditors into a violent fit of laughter:—"behold (said he) the cursed cause of all my misfortunes; these diabolical slippers have reduced me to beggary. Promise me—assure me that I shall never again be responsible for the mischief they may occasion."

The cadi could not refuse his request: and Abu-Casem left the court, convinced, to his cost, of the danger a man exposes himself to by wearing his slippers too long.

FOR THE DESSERT.

MR. BRADFORD.

Finding that the sermon lately preached by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, on the opening of the Episcopal Churches, has been mentioned with considerable commendation, and a desire expressed by many to see the latter part of it printed—I have procured it from the author, who sacrificing his own judgment to the solicitations of his friends, has permitted me to transcribe it for your Dessert.

M.

TEXT.

"Psalm 95, verse 2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving."

AFTER stating some of those general instances of God's providential goodness towards us, which call for our highest gratitude, and pointing out some of the motives which should lead us thankfully to acknowledge them, the preacher solemnly appeals to the consciences of his hearers, in an inquiry into their conduct under such evidences of divine favor, and thus concludes, with representing the alarming reverse of circumstances.

"Already does danger menace us from abroad, under the twofold form of open violence, and the still more alarming because treacherous, aspect of insidious policy. So that, in the language of holy writ, from 'abroad the sword' threateneth, while 'at home there is death.'"

Till within a few years, the temperature of our climate, has proved in the highest degree favourable to health, and serenity of mind; and the mortality throughout our continent, was scarcely more than what accident, or the natural decline of life, occasioned: whereas now, the frequent visitation of Disease, in its most terrific form, desolates our once flourishing cities, by annually banishing a great part of their inhabitants from their accustomed places of abode, and hurrying with irresistible rapidity, very many of those whom necessity compels to remain, down to the silent chambers of the grave.

That these coincidently distressing circumstances may not have been inflicted as a merited punishment for our violation, as a people, of the injunctions of Christianity, and a general deviation from religious and moral rectitude, who can with certainty deny! Yet, when we reflect on the attributes of the Deity—the general economy of his providence—the regular and confirmed operation of physical causes—and the history of mankind—we should be particularly cautious in denominating any temporal evil a judgment upon the sufferers.

The doctrine of a superintending providence is indeed clearly inculcated and provided, in almost every page both of the Old and New Testament, but we are by no means either authorized or able to distinguish the particular instances of the immediate interference of the Deity, from the ordinary operation of the established laws of nature.

Bethis however, as it may; it is our part as men to commiserate with humility and fear the sufferings of our fellow mortals; and while Christian sympathy heaves a sigh, or drops a tear, at the recollection of our late calamity, with all its "sad variety of woe," let the benevolent and highly meritorious exertions of those of our fellow citizens, who voluntarily risked their lives, to alleviate the distresses of their helpless brethren, be ever remembered by us with the most respectful esteem, and by those who were the subjects of them with the most affectionate gratitude. As Christians, let us profit by the numerous examples of mortality, and 'prepare for as sudden and unexpected' an arrest, as that which so many have so lately experienced. That we are yet suffered to survive, is surely a just and a great cause of thanksgiving. Human life even when protracted to its utmost extent is very short, and the most active exertions are indispensably necessary to secure a blissful eternity. That the greater our preparation, the greater will be the degree of our felicity in the next state of existence, neither reason nor revelation permit us to doubt. How inestimable then, the privilege of having still the opportunity of advancing towards perfection; and, if unhappily hitherto neglected, of now beginning to think and to act for eternity!

To you, brethren, whose dearest relatives or friends have fallen victims to the late devouring pestilence, the call to prepare for death and judgment, to watch and to pray, is awfully loud and affecting indeed.

"Our dying friends (says the pious Dr. Young) come o'er us like a cloud,

"To damp our brainless ardor, and abate

"That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth

"Our rugged path to death. Our smitten friends

"Are angels sent on errands full of love,

"For us they languish, and for us they die;

"And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?"

Night Thoughts. 13. 3.

Forbid it, Reason! O! Forbid it, Heaven!

Let us therefore diligently improve the late melancholy occurrences which have been permitted to assail us, and by which all of us have, in some degree or other been painfully affected. Let us eagerly avail ourselves of the time and opportunity yet granted to us, for working out our eternal salvation. With humility and veneration, with Christian meekness and charity, with fervent gratitude and holy zeal, let us approach our Almighty Creator, preserver, and constant benefactor; and with one mind and one spirit, devoutly contemplate the operations of his providence, thankfully acknowledge our experience of his goodness put our whole trust in him, and henceforth earnestly endeavour by the unremitted exercise of genuine piety, and the most active virtue, "to pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not those which are eternal in the heavens."

HISTORICAL.

The Emperor, Charles the Fifth, when at Wertemberg, was desired by some of his officers to order the bones of Luther to be dug up and burnt. He nobly told them, "I have now nothing farther to do with Luther. He has henceforth another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not lawful for me to usurp. Know, that I make not war with the dead, but with the living, who still continue to attack me."

Hall of Hymen.

MARRIED.

—On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. BARZILLAI GARDNER to Miss CATHARINE SHEPPARD.

—On the 17th ult. Mr. SILAS SUPLEE to Miss MARIA BERGER, all of this city.

—On Wednesday evening the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Capt. WILLIAM BROWN, of this city, to Miss ANN SIDDONS of Chester.

—On Thursday the 29th ult. by John Blackwood, Esq. Mr. GEORGE WHITALL to Miss ELIZABETH WEST, both of Gloucester county New Jersey.

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SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.



TO POETRY.

O lovely object, who, with gentle hand,
Weed'st the rude mind, and bids its flowers expand,
Enchanting Poesy, who life's sharp thorn,
Bidst many a rose of fragrant hue adorn,
And to the dove that roams with weary flight,
Still on thy olive branch thou bidst alight,
With many a tale thou draw'st (so sweet thy lyre)
"Children from play, and old men from their fire."
Thou nurse of Science! Learning's sons carest,
Drank sweet nutrition from thy milky breast,
With thy soft honey, swelled their tender veins,
This grosser food maturer strength attains.
Maternal power! those sons with lettered phlegm,
Betray thy cause, their sister muse contemn,
E'en I have felt the Fool of LEARNING'S sneer
Depress the Muse, and waste her sweets with fear.
As some vile Gnat, the garden's dreaded foe,
Withers the tender blossoms as they grow,
Lays in bright ruin what so richly bloomed,
The sweet buds scatter'd, and the flower consumed.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A NEGRO BOY SINGING,
In Great Distress

In Afric's sultry wide domains,
Heaven's kindest gifts did I enjoy;
And liv'd amidst my native plains,
A simple, happy, negro boy.
To chase the tyrants of the woods,
That dar'd our flocks and herds annoy;
Or dive beneath the silver floods,
Amus'd the happy negro boy.
But pleasure soon was changed to pain,
(What pleasure is without alloy?)
For soon across the stormy main,
Was forc'd the wretched negro boy.
Th' inhuman whites, for cruel ends,
My hapless kindred did decoy;
And midst his weeping, captive friends,
They chain'd the wretch'd negro boy.
To India (doom'd to slav'ry) sent,
One bought me into his employ;
And with him on the seas I went.
A poor afflicted negro boy.
A wreck our ship became at last,
The waves each seaman did destroy;
And on your shores alone was cast,
The poor afflicted negro boy.
Now hope condemn'd by fate to roam,
His breast estrang'd from every joy;
No soothing friend—no sheltering home,
O! pity the poor negro boy.

Remember life's but a dream,
And happiness a glitt'ring toy;
And you that now so happy feel,
May soon be like the negro boy.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Inscribed to a Lady on the death of her Mother.

SWEET bird of night, melodious in thy grief,
Whose note is heard while all around is still,
Save when an insect shakes the fallen leaf,
Or, sadly vocal, purrs the silver rill.
Sweet bird! continue thy mournful strain,
What time the moon pales forth her sheets of light,
And waft thy sonnet through the conscious plain,
That shines resplendent with the dews of night.
To thee from lonely coverts oft I sigh,
My hours of comfort past, my blessings o'er;
Responsive to my dirge revert reply,
And weep, till tears, alas! will flow no more,
And sure some gentle heart will mourn my doom,
Since all I had lies bury'd in the tomb.

TO THE MOON.

HAIL, queen of night! whose radiance fills the skies,
When not a cloud obscures the milky way,
When not a comet gleams, or meteor flies,
To intercept thy calm benignant ray.
How proudly burst thy glories on the night,
When all the atmosphere expanding seems,
One sheet diffusive of transparent light,
Like polish'd mirrors hazing o'er the streams.
When on a verdant bank, in soft repose,
By frequent drops of glitt'ring dews array'd,
Thou loiter'st long, what time the zephyr blows,
And glow worms lighten up the velvet shade,
My soul hangs raptur'd on the view,
Nor asks for glowing suns, nor brighter blue.

YOUNG DAMON TO THE ROSE.

Which was plucked while the dew was on its leaves.

Extempore.

Go, beautiful flower, whilst yet thy leaves
Retain the fragrant dew;
Receive the gale from Delia's lips,
That shall thy sweets renew!
And, should she, smiling, deign to press,
Her blushing form to thine;
Oh! quickly fly to this recess,
And make that blessing mine!

ADVERTISEMENT—EXTRA.

FOUND

Nearly where it was dropped, on the narrow road to happiness,
A WHITE LEATHER POCKET-BOOK, with a gold clasp, in
the shape of a heart, neatly bound with the *Love of Manliness*,
containing a *short prayer*, for universal Peace:—The miniature
of America;—Many *Useful observations* on economy and in-
dustry;—A *New Law* to enforce a more general observance of
the sabbath—some *Judicial Remarks* on the prevailing fashion
of gambling, horse racing, speculation, &c.—on the vice of
intemperance, and other lewd, indecent behaviour—with a few
Sarcasms on the absurdity of unmeaning compliments. It is
supposed by some, that said pocket book was dropped for the
benefit of the lewd, immoral, thoughtless crowd, by

CHARLES BENEVOLENCE,
County of Mahoning, Township of Viciousness.

HISTORIC PASSAGES.

No. II.

(To be continued).

SALADIN, SOLDAN OF EGYPT.—Saladin, the
Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions en-
ough of his own, was always ready, when oc-
casion offered, to make free with other people's.
At his return, without success, from the siege of
Moussel, in Syria, he seized into his hands the
whole lordship of Emeffa, in prejudice to the
right of Nafi Eddin, the young prince who
claimed it. And this he did upon pretence that
the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giv-
ing countenance to confederacies against the
Soldan's interest. Saladin, however, ordered
that proper care should be taken of the injur-
ed prince's education; and being desirous to
observe what progress he made in his studies,
he was brought one day before the Soldan,
who asked him, with much gravity, in what
part of the Alcoran he was reading? "I am
come," replied the young prince, to the surprise
all who were near him, "to that verse which
informs me, that he who devours the estates of
orphans, is not a king, but a tyrant." The Sol-
dan was much startled at the turn and spirit of
this repartee; but after a pause and recollection,
returned the youth this generous answer: "he
who speaks with such resolution, would act
with so much courage, that I restore you to your
father's possessions, lest I should be thought to
stand in fear of a virtue which I only rever-
ence."

DIONYSIUS the elder, having taken the city of
Rhegium, after a long siege; Phyto (by whom
the city forces had been commanded, and who
had signalized himself by the most eminent
bravery and love to his country) fell a sacrifice
to the savage resentment of the conqueror. Di-
onysius ordered him to be tied to the top of an
high military machine, and in that manner to
be carried through all the ranks, for a gazing
stock to the victorious army. While this cruel
ceremony was performing, the tyrant, in hopes
of augmenting the sorrows of Phyto, sent an
herald to inform him that "yesterday his son
had been thrown into the sea." To which the
illustrious captive answered, *Then my son is hap-
pier than myself by one day.* Dionysius perceiv-
ing that Phyto's greatness of soul was yet un-
subdued by the various indignities hitherto in-
flicted, had him led through the city with exe-
cutioners behind him, who scourged him all the
way, while a cryer proclaimed "the traitor Phy-
to is thus treated, for having stirred up the in-
habitants of Rhegium to rebellion."—"No,"
answered the unconquered hero, "you should
rather say, that this usage is inflicted on a lover
of his country, because he would not sacrifice
its liberties to a tyrant." Dionysius equally as-
tonished and intimidated by such exalted firm-
ness, directly ordered him to be thrown into
the sea: whose waves soon overwhelmed as
much of Phyto as could die and transmitted
his immortal part to that world of spirits, where
there are no punishments for virtue, and where
tyranny cannot come.